



FIRST
COMICS
DELUXE SERIES

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NO. 17
\$2.45 CANADA

BADGER™

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Dear LARRY,:

C/O FIRST COMICS
435 N. LASALLE
CHICAGO IL
60610

Dear Mike & Rick:

After reading Badger #14, I think I've finally discovered why I enjoy Badger so much, or at least one reason: He's CRAZY! What I mean is that when I, and doubtless many other comic readers, read a dime-a-dozen superhero book, I think they must be insane to run around in public in skintight underoos fighting huge thugs that should be able to bounce them across the room and back without breaking into a sweat; yet these characters act as if it's natural. Badger, on the other hand, is totally insane; so it's normal for him to act and dress as if his elevator doesn't go to the top floor. It makes the book believable and fun.

Now I must take offense at "He who walks as the thunder" for lumping Mad Max in with the brainless violence books. I found the movies progressively better; the third being excellent in story and acting. In fact, I urge you to get the rights and create a Mad Max monthly as well as adapting the movies as you suggested.

By the way, when will the Jeff Butler issue appear?

Scott Tilson
123 Vista Drive
Mississauga Ontario
Canada L5M 1W2

Jeff Butler... hmm, that rings a bell. Where have I heard that name before? Let me get back to you on that one.

Dear Mr. Baron:

This month's Badger was a pretty good fill-in issue, but don't start going with a non-continuing story. When I buy it and look at the end, I want to have something good to look forward to next month. Also to make this letter more exciting, I have some (drum roll please) questions:

- 1) Will we see more of the dead movie stars in future issues?
- 2) Will Herb Ng be back? He was cool.
- 3) How to you pronounce Ng?
And last but not least,
- 4) Why was Badger all perturbed at Ng for killing a snake when he was eating a TV dinner, probably with meat in it, and don't tell me he just ate the mashed potatoes and dessert or that it was a vegetarian meal.

That wraps it up for this letter, but not before I say one more thing. Why do you bother printing the letter from "He Who Walks Into Walls"? It didn't say really anything to me, or maybe I'm just stupid.

Raphe Cheli
1157 Arcadia St.
Bethlehem, PA 18017

Dear Reader:

If you're interested in other First comics not available where you purchased this book, you can find all First publications at Comic Specialty Stores throughout the country. Consult the yellow pages for the comics outlet nearest you.

- 1) It's up to Badger--they're all in his brain, after all.
- 2) It's up to Herb.
- 3) "Ing." I think. Like hik- "ing" or cook- "ing."
- 4) The secret answer is on page 11, panel 5, and you don't even have to hold the page upside down or spin it backwards on your turntable or anything!
Speaking of "He Who Walks..."

Dear Editor:

Ish 14's Badger story was cool. Cover also keen. Bryant's and Nyberg's inks were very good over Reinhold's nice pencils. But the empty pastel back-grounds still bother me. Take care of it.

I'd like you to know that "Zoomtown" has become quite decent since the installment my "brothers" panned so savagely.

P.S. Thank you for not suing them.

Prairie Dog
(No address)



Mike:

I just finished reading Badger 1 through 14 in a single sitting; it was probably the most entertaining night I've had in a long time (or pretty close). Before I cough up my specific bitches, let me say you're the best writer there is in the field. It may take a Miller or a Byrne to popularize comics, but they're only good. The characters, dialog, and humor are the crispest and most consistent of any comic. Any plans for a novel? You could do it.

My two complaints:

- 1) You seem to get the Badge involved more into mysticism than I like. I like my Badger accessible and human. His appeal to me was that he gained his skills through intense obsession. Let Ham be the wizard.
- 2) Speaking of Ham. You seem to be playing him down a bit. Ham and Badger are equal partners in this mag's success. Let's keep it that way.

Mike Evans
4415 Shepard NE
#1E
Albuquerque NM 87110



NEXT MONTH: Our "regular" team returns with "Beaver Drop," By Mike Baron, Bill Reinhold, and Rick Bryant. I know, because I looked at the last page of this issue, and that's what it said. Plus: the end of Zoomtown! Promise! Really! (Whew.)

-- Rick Oliver

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**A FIRST COMICS
PUBLISHING PRODUCTION**



BADGER

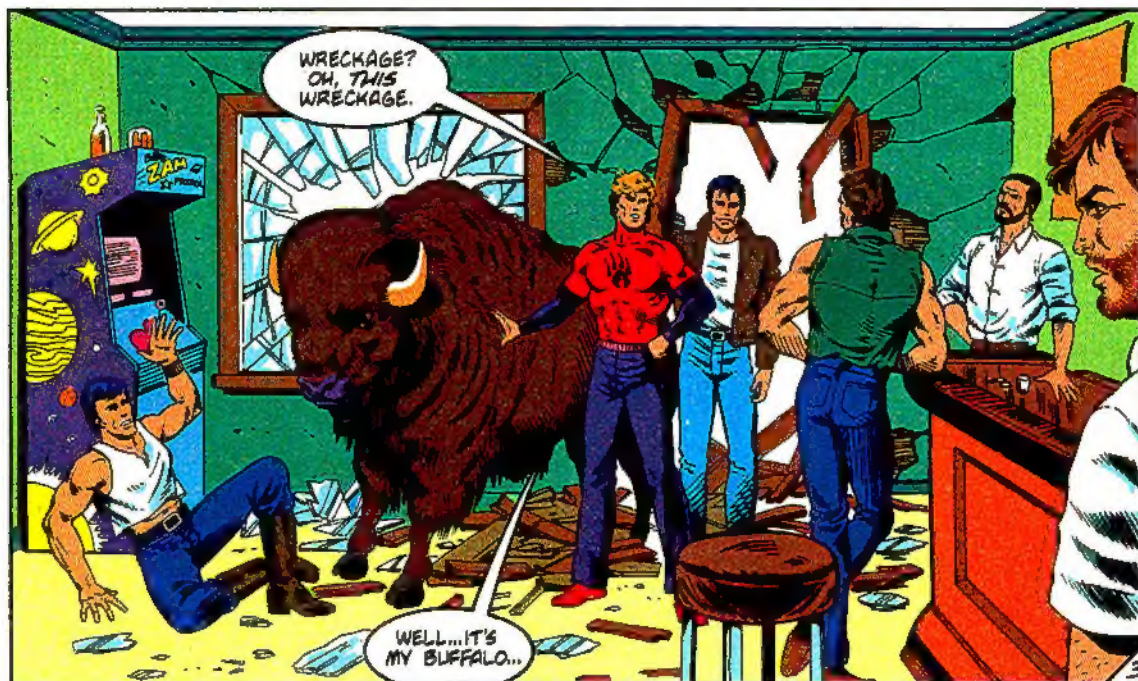
GOOD GOD
ALMIGHTY!



mike baron script | jeffrey butler artist | willie schubert letters

ken feduniewicz colors | rick oliver questions

special thanks to larry elmore for inking assist.







I'M BLAKE KELLOGG, WITH THE CIRCUS WORLD MUSEUM IN BARABOO...

PLEASD TO MEET YOU! WHAT'S UP?

ONE OF OUR RHINOS IS MISSING.



SAY WHAT?



THE MUSEUM DOESN'T ACTUALLY KEEP ANIMALS, BUT WE HOST LIVE ANIMAL ACTS. THE RHINO WAS PART OF THE FABULOUS FUMICELLIS. THIS MORNING IT BUSTED LOOSE AND HEADED INTO THE HILLS...



HAHMM...

* ISSUE #9--RAO.

SAVE OUR RHINO AND WE'LL GIVE YOU FREE ADMISSION FOREVER--AND INSTRUCTION IN HOW TO APPLY CLOWN MAKE-UP AND BEND BALLOONS INTO SHAPES.



LET'S GO, LAMONT. WE'RE NEEDED IN BARABOO.



WHAT KIND OF SHAPES?

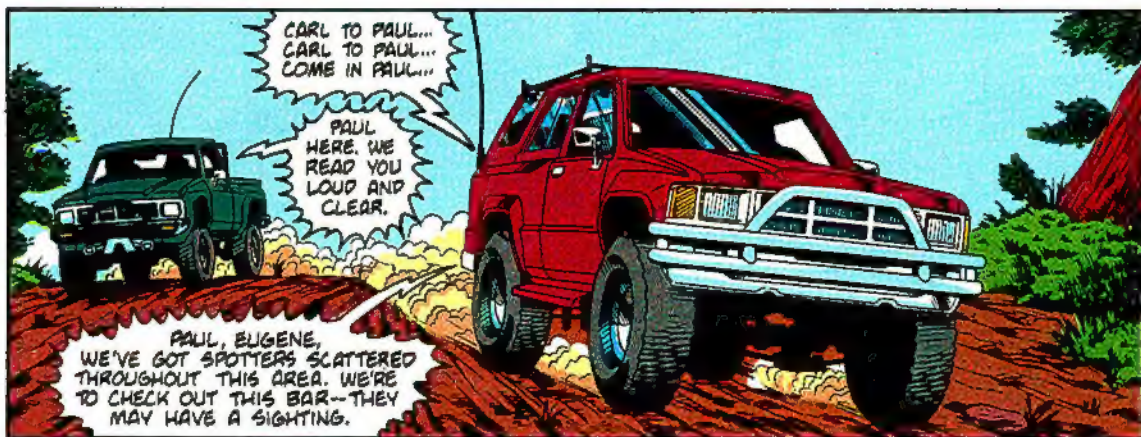
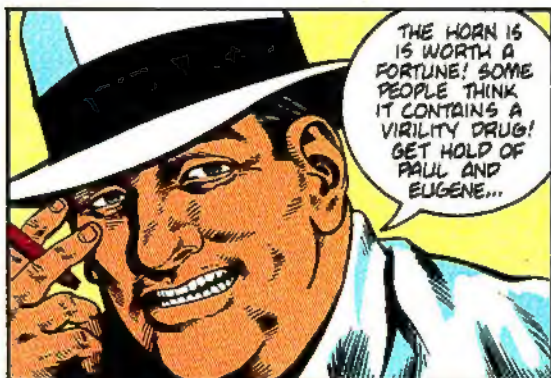
ANY KIND.

I'LL DO IT.



THERE'S A SIGHT YOU DON'T SEE EVERY DAY--A BADGER RIDING A BUFFALO.

NEVER MIND THAT--HOW ABOUT THAT CHOICE HARLEY FLATHEAD?





HIGH NOON ON THE STREETS OF BARABOO.

HONK HONK

AHOY, LADDIE. HAVE YOU SEEN THE BLACK RHINOCEROS?

MUST BE A NEW CLOWN.

Yes! WE SHARPEN LAWNMOWER BLADES WHILE YOU WAIT!



BADGER! I JUST SAW HIM OVER TOWARDS DEVIL'S LAKE! I WAS OUT RIDING MY TRAIL BIKE.

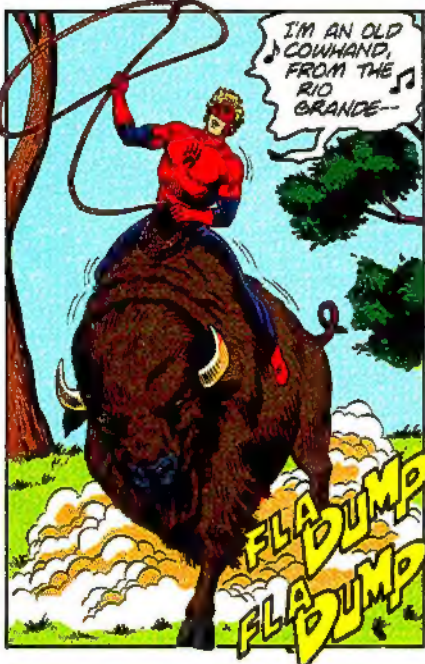
THANKS, KID! HERE'S \$50. RUN INTO THAT HARDWARE STORE AND GET ME FIFTY FEET OF STRONG HEMP!



CAN I HAVE A RIDE? HUH? CAN I?

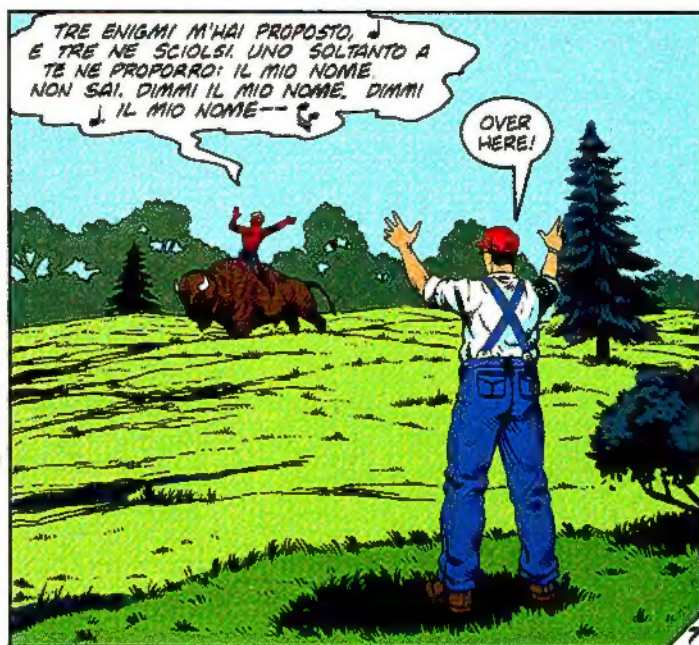
KID-- RIDING A BUFFALO IS DANGEROUS!

KEEP THE CHANGE AND BUY YOURSELF A GRAVITY KNIFE AND SOME FIREWORKS.



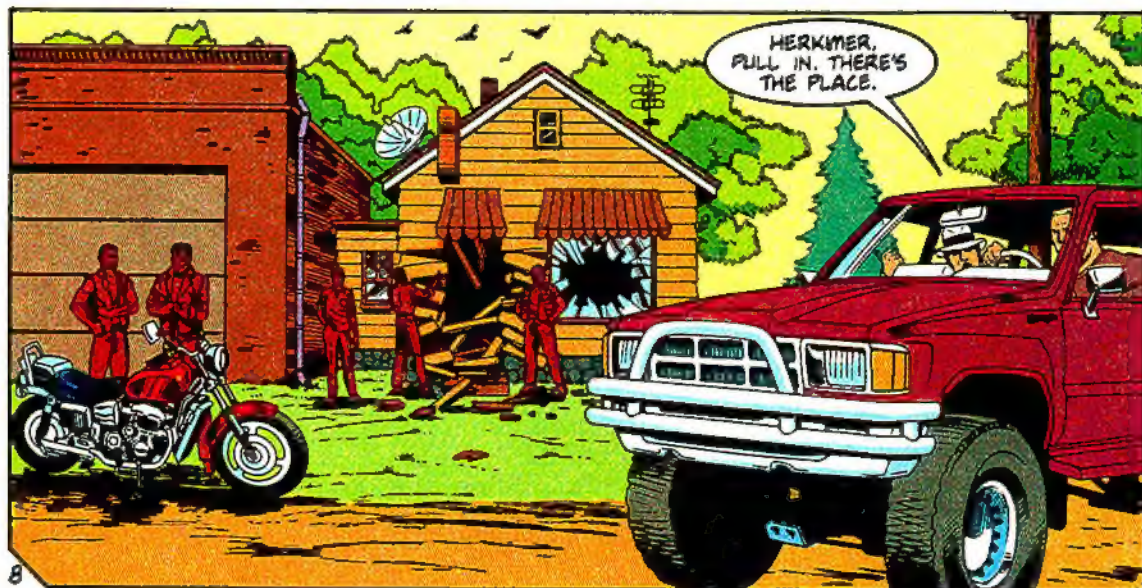
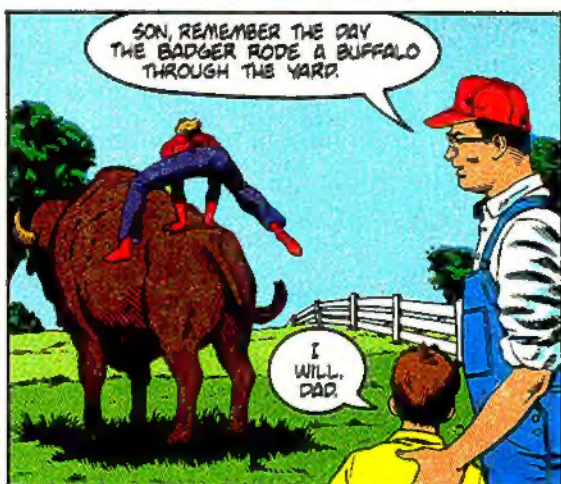
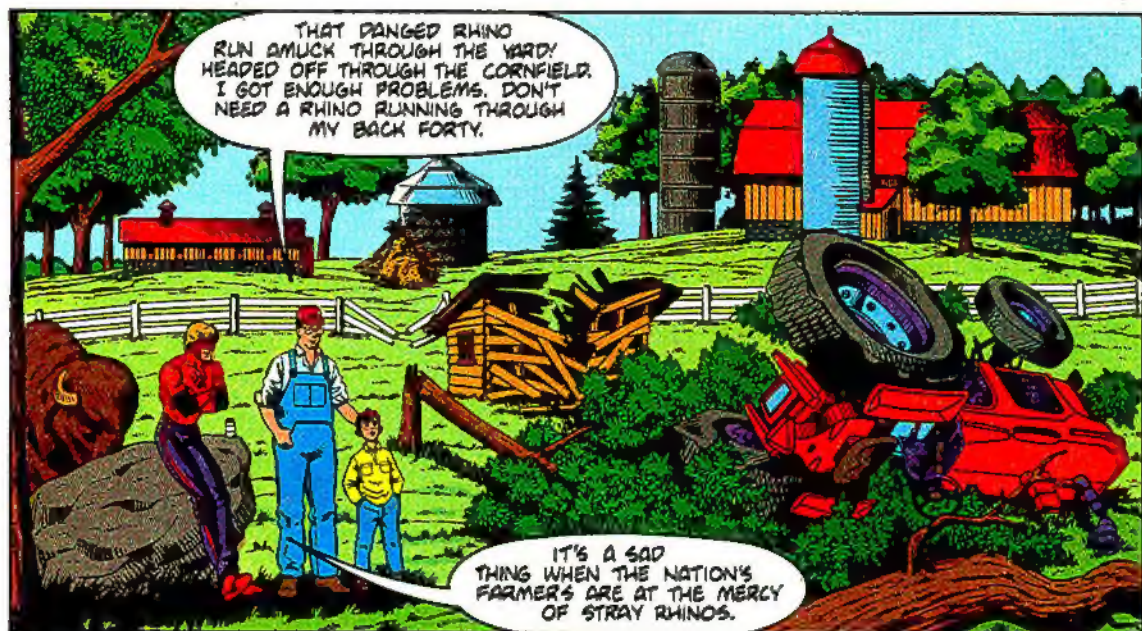
I'M AN OLD COWHAND, FROM THE RIO GRANDE--

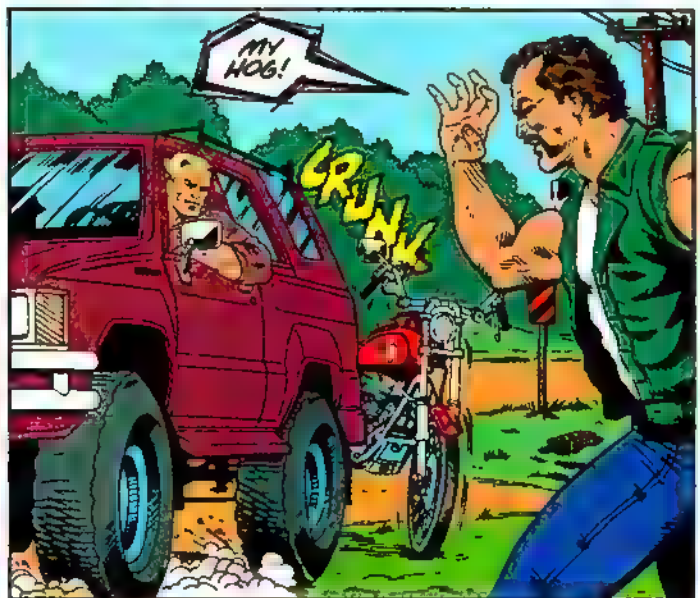
FLA DUMP FLA DUMP

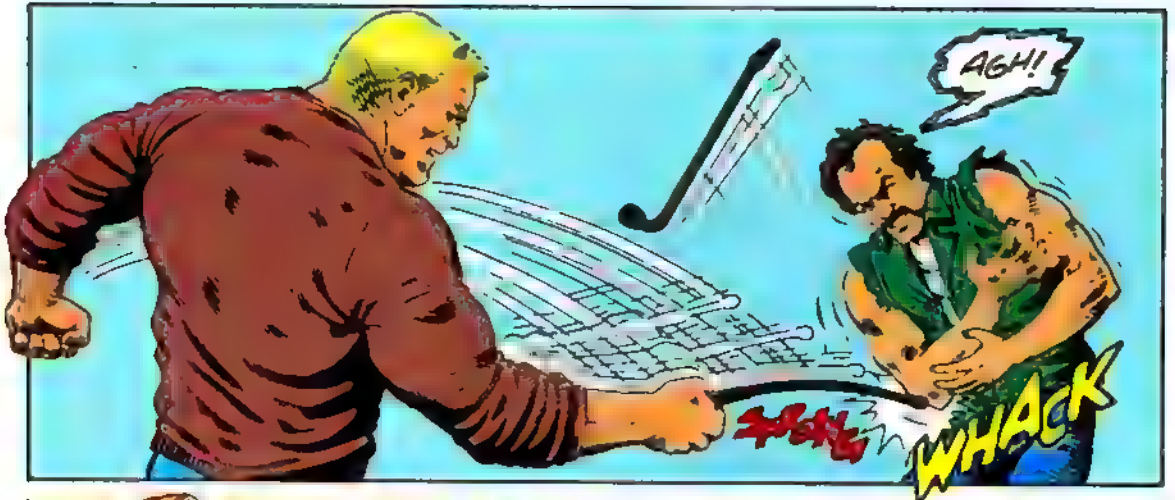


TRE ENIGMI M'HAJ PROPOSTO. E TRE NE SCIOLSI. UNO SOLTANTO A TE NE PROPARRO: IL MIO NOME. NON SAI, DIMMI IL MIO NOME. DIMMI IL MIO NOME--

OVER HERE!







FIRST NOTES

Last month, in this very column, I took great pride in announcing the total absence of a First Comics universe... new, used, rebuilt, renovated, updated, or otherwise. But then someone showed me the latest sales figures for *Emergency All Over the Universe at the Same Time*, and I decided I may have been a little hasty. There's big bucks out there in the universe business, and I sure could use the dough.

But I'm a simple guy, and, quite frankly, all these cosmic concepts scare the bejeezus out of me. I start thinking about an infinite universe with an infinite number of Ricks, all typing the exact same inane column, not to mention an infinite number of equally useless variations, and suddenly all of Jean-Paul Sartre's work starts to make sense to me. Then I spend an inordinate amount of time staring at the word "the," wondering if I spelled it correctly, and pretty soon the whole day is shot to hell.

So I decided to hire an expert. Someone who understands the big picture. Someone who isn't bogged down with petty details. Someone who can make major decisions despite the possible long-term repercussions. Someone unhampered by preconceived notions. In short, someone with absolutely no qualifications in any field whatsoever.

It was a long and arduous search but I finally found the right man for the job trying to achieve hyperspeed by hurtling himself and his Big Wheels down my front steps: my next-door-neighbor's five year old son, Ben. This, I thought, is someone who innately understands the secrets of the universe because nobody has had a chance to tell him how truly complex and hopelessly impossible it all is. Who better to help me create the First Universe?

His parents are always happy to lend him to me whenever I have a particularly thorny problem -- like adjusting the fuel injection on my car or installing a new disk drive in my computer -- because it means two or three hours that they won't have to worry about possible fire hazards caused by illegal electrical wiring modifications that make all the clocks in the house stop mysteriously, exactly five minutes before it's time to go to school. So his mother didn't bat an eye when I said I needed Ben's help with a marketing study.

I put on some shoddy old clothes and protective headgear (Ben seems to think I'm a highly entertaining, animated beachball, and it is always best to wear disposable garments in the presence of small, rabid children unless you happen to wear clothing made from stain-resistant 40 pound test fishing line) and sat him down with a pop-up book of the universe and several hundred First Comics. Then I let him explore the universe as we know it, correct the positions of some cardboard constellations, and glance through the imposing

stack of contemporary literature.

After a good five or ten minutes, my patience ran out. I was at my wit's end, and I had deadlines to meet. Editors may not have many friends; but we always have plenty of deadlines.

"So what about it, Ben?" I asked. "How do we take those," I gesticulated wildly toward the pile of comics, "and put them in that?"



I started to point toward the pop-up book only to discover that Ben had picked it up again and was in the process of rearranging the constituent parts of our paper solar system into a Dyson Sphere. If you don't know what a Dyson Sphere is, don't worry about -- neither does Ben.

He looked up from his new project long enough to say, "What happened to the robot?"

What was this? Some kind of Zen koan? Some mystic riddle that held the secret of creating a brand spanking new universe from whole cloth?

Wait a minute! What did happen to the robot? What happened to *Dynamo Joe*? It hadn't even crossed my mind since we finished the mini-series. Wait! What did I just say? "*Crossed* my mind..." Crossover! That's it! The answer! We'll do a crossover with *Dynamo Joe* and *Grimjack*! We'll use Cynosure as the link to the First Comics *Multiverse*!

That way we can do whatever we want and never worry about continuity!

What a great idea: an issue of *Grimjack* featuring *Dynamo Joe*, written by John Ostrander and drawn by Doug Rice. And that will lead into a whole new monthly *Dynamo Joe* series! I'd tell you more about it; but I wasted the entire column rambling on about some "new universe." Who came up with that hairbrained idea, anyway?

FIRST IN JULY

Alter Ego #4: The final confrontation between Rob Lindsay/Alter Ego and the Crimson Claw could mean the end of two worlds! The concluding episode of our four-part limited series by Roy Thomas, Ron Harris, and Rick Burchett.

American Flagg! Special #1: Creator/writer/artist Howard Chaykin returns for the First full-length, deluxe AF! Special and the First preview of his new graphic novel series, as Reuben Flagg makes a wrong turn and finds himself in the middle of... *Time*!

Badger #17: Artist/co-creator Jeffrey Butler returns and joins forces with writer/co-creator Mike Baron, as the Badger joins forces with a buffalo named Lamont to chase a runaway rhino! Plus: *Zoomtown* by Baron, *Craig Brasfield*, and *Brian Thomas*. Deluxe Series.

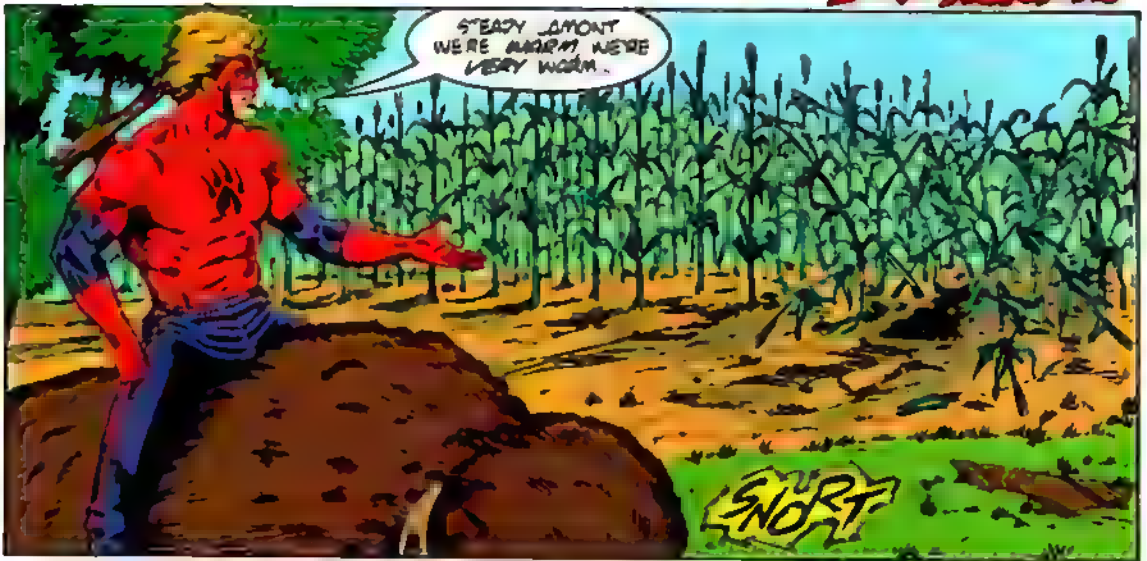
Dreadstar #27: Creator/writer/artist Jim Starlin continues his epic adventure and reveals the identity of the traitor within the midst of Vanth Dreadstar's own crew! This First issue of the new full-color *Dreadstar* will be on sale just one month after issue #26. Deluxe, bi-monthly series.

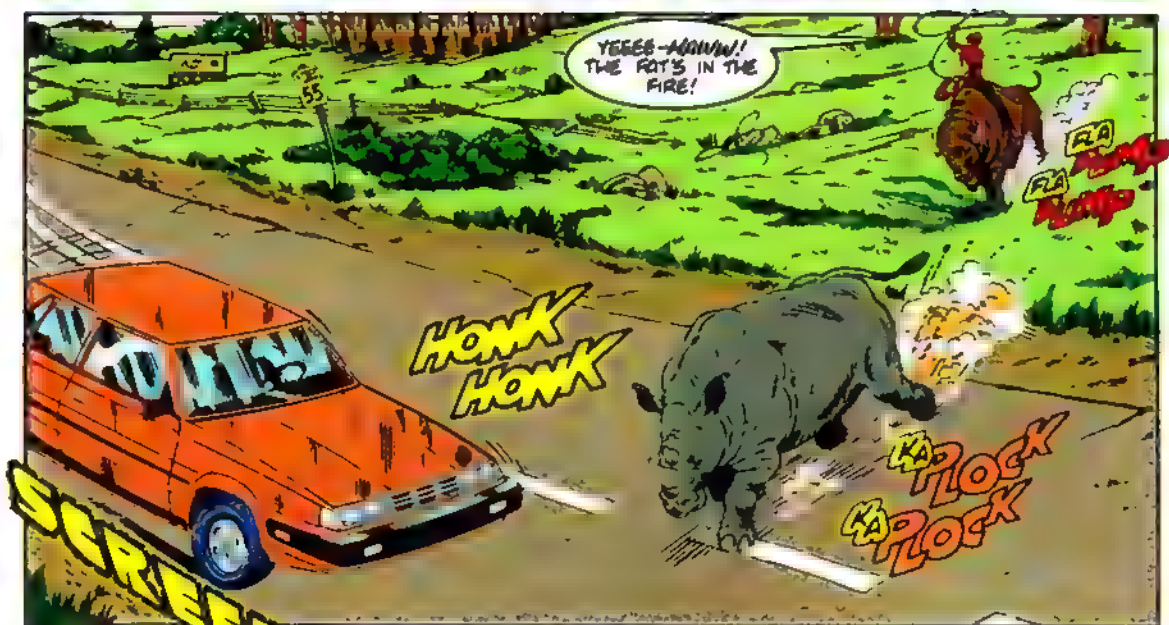
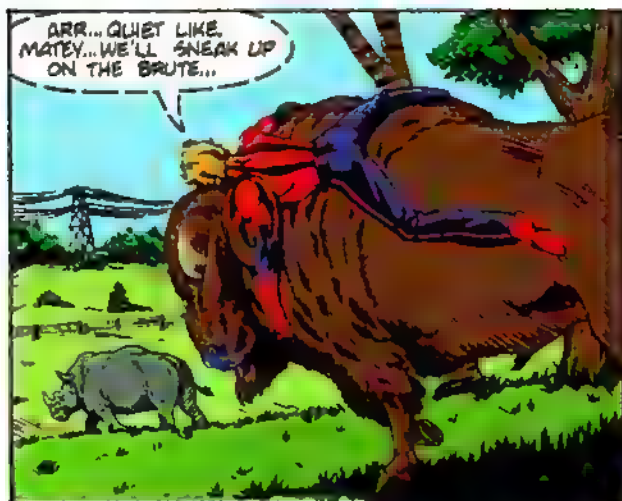
Grimjack #28: Gaunt and BlacJac travel "Across the Chasm," back to their younger days when they fought in the arena -- against each other! By John Ostrander, Tom Sutton, and Paul Guinan. Plus: *Munden's Bar* by Ostrander, Del Close, and Hilary Barta.

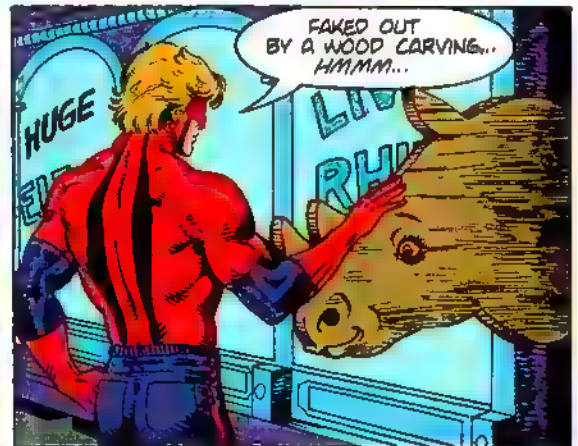
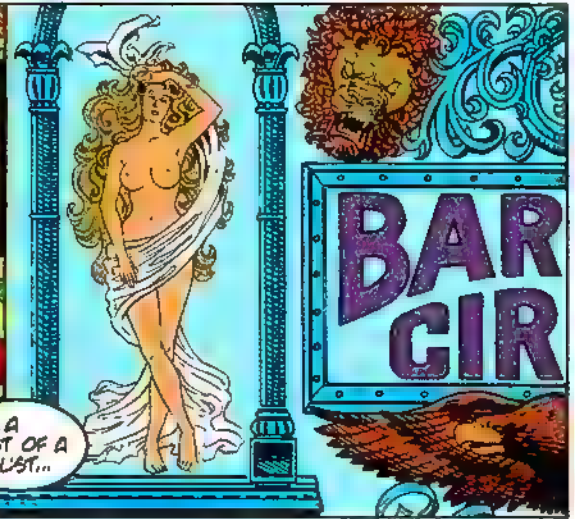
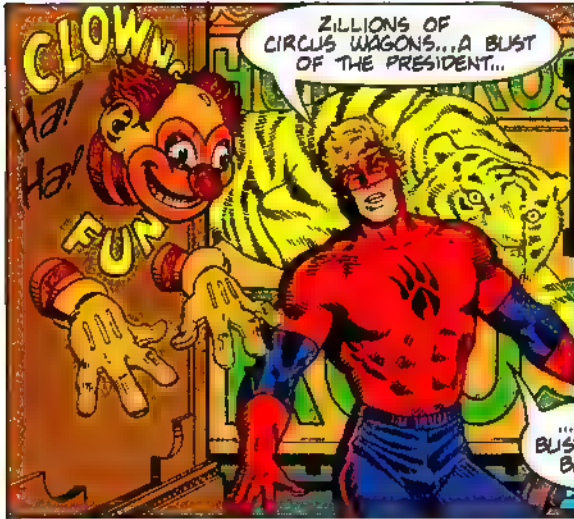
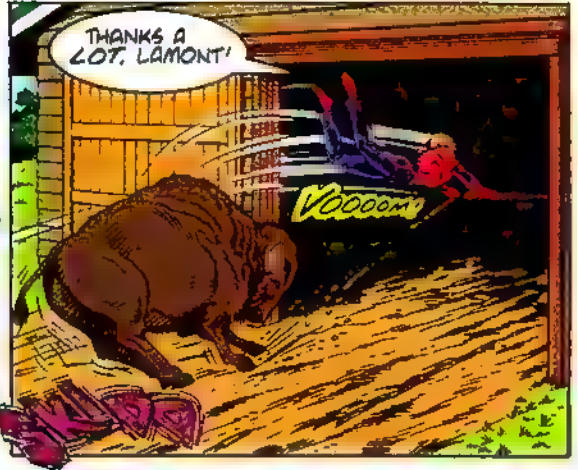
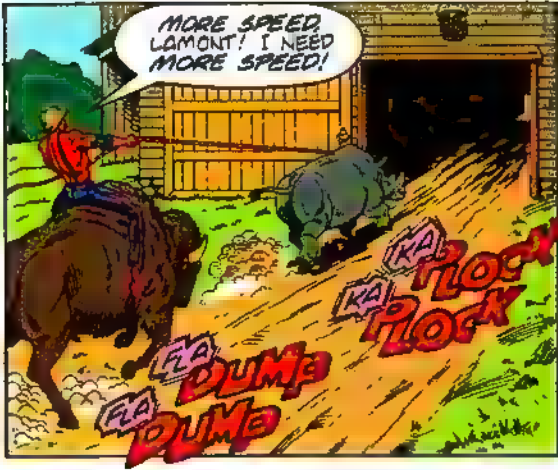
Hawkmoon: Jewel in the Skull #4: The conclusion of the first book in Michael Moorcock's *History of the Runestaff*, by Gerry Conway, Rafael Kayanan, and Rico Rival. Deluxe, bi-monthly, limited series.

Jon Sable, Freelance #42: Created, written and drawn by Mike Grell. Deluxe series.

Nexus #26: Horatio encounters the ultimate killing machine -- "Clayborn" -- and learns the true meaning of death. By Mike Baron, Steve Rude, and John Nyberg. Plus: *Clonezone*, by Baron and Mark A. Nelson. Deluxe series.









♪ AND NOW--
GOING SING YOU-
A RHINOCEROS
LULLABIEEEE~

LAMONT,
YOU MISERABLE
SWINE! THAT WAS VERY
NUMBER TEN OF YOU!
BAD LAMONT! SHAME!
BADGER ALMOST BROKE
HIS NECK!

BAAAA!

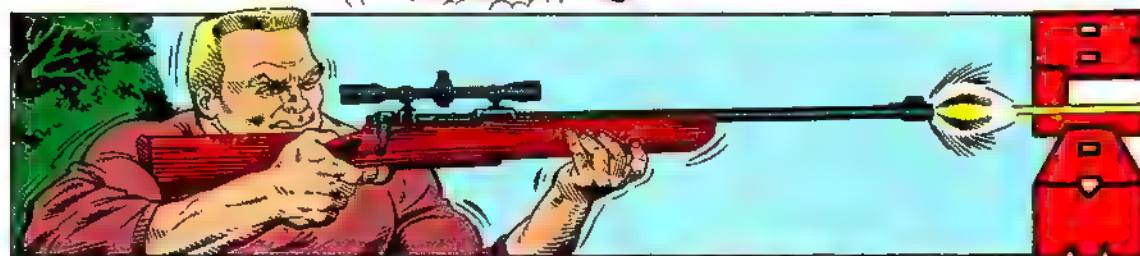
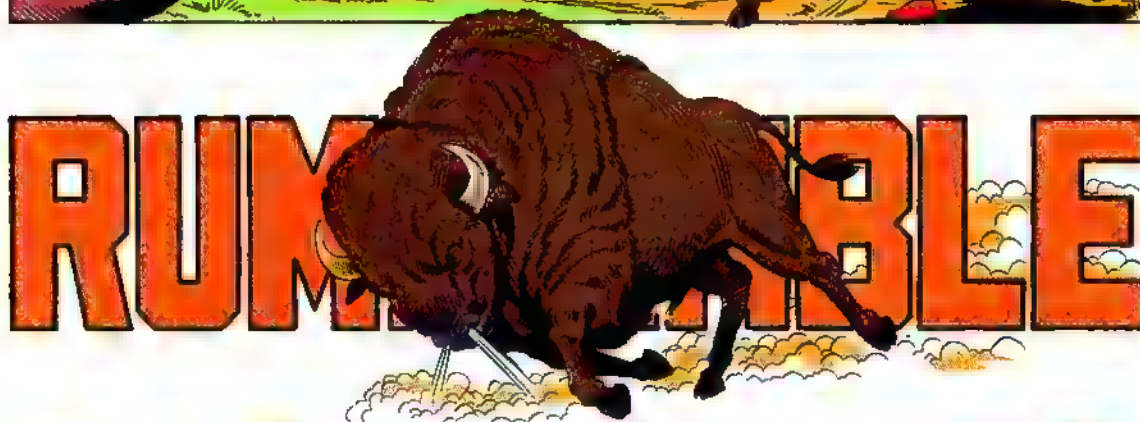
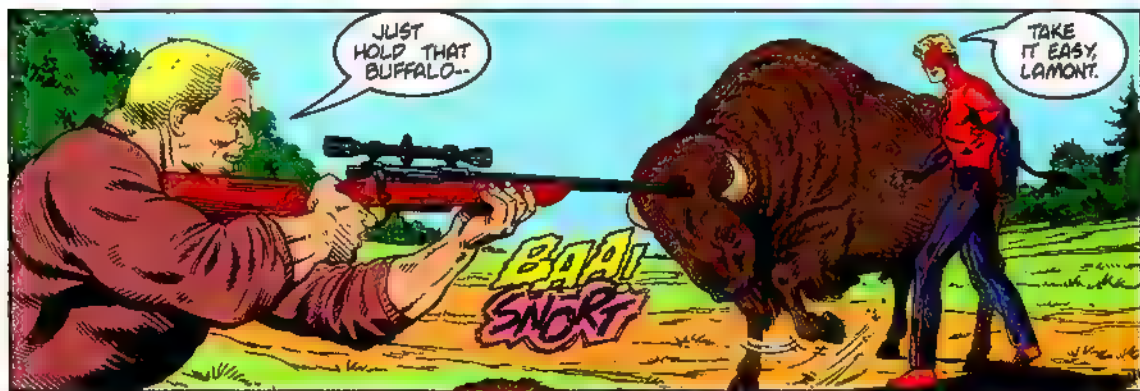
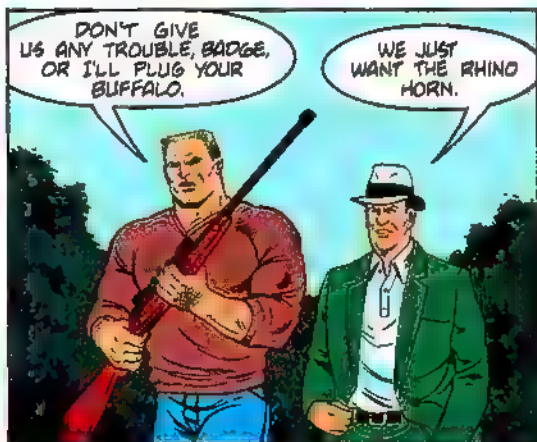
SLURP

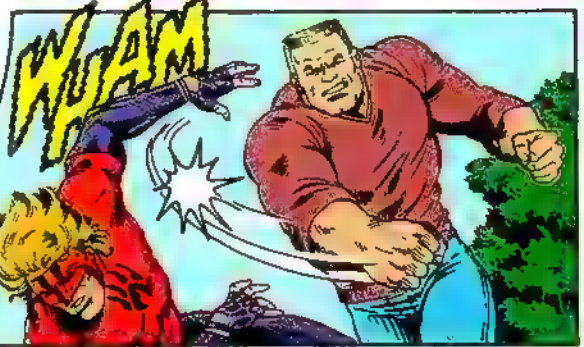
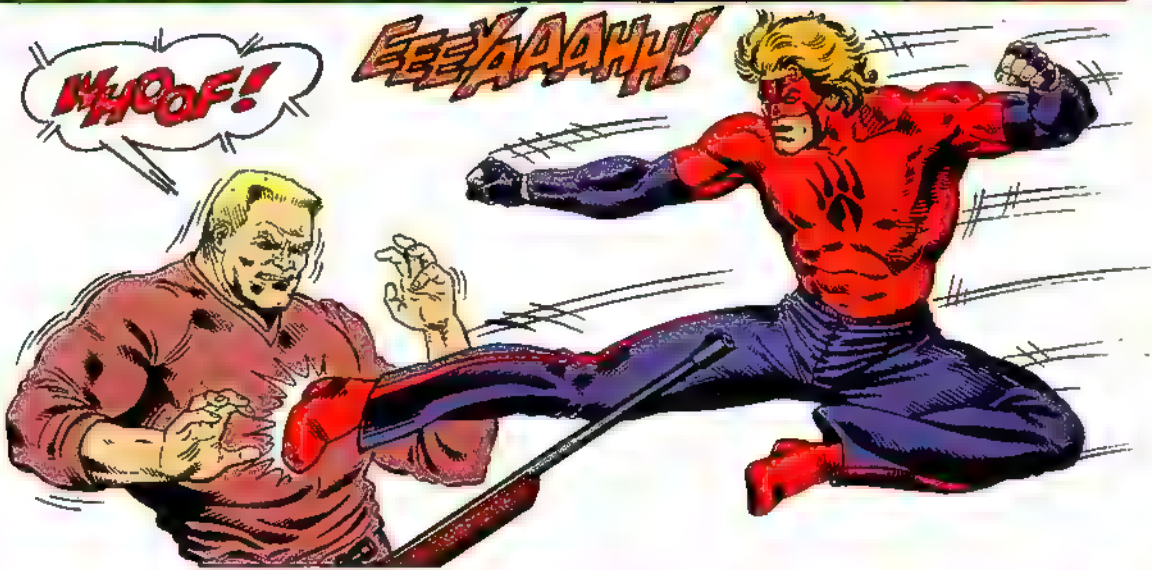
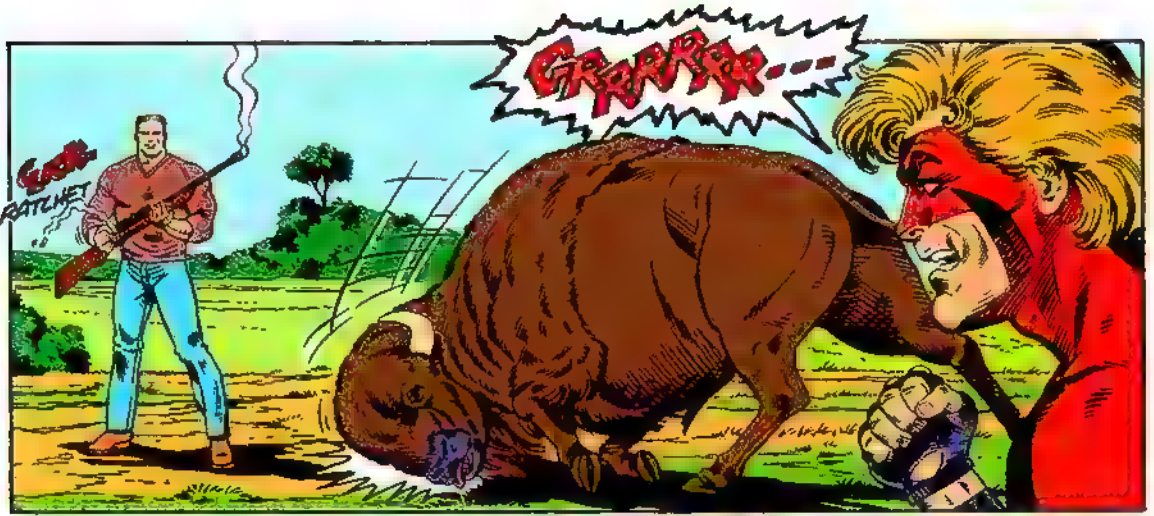
OKAY, LAMONT!
ALL IS FORGIVEN!
BADGER STILL
LOVES YOU!

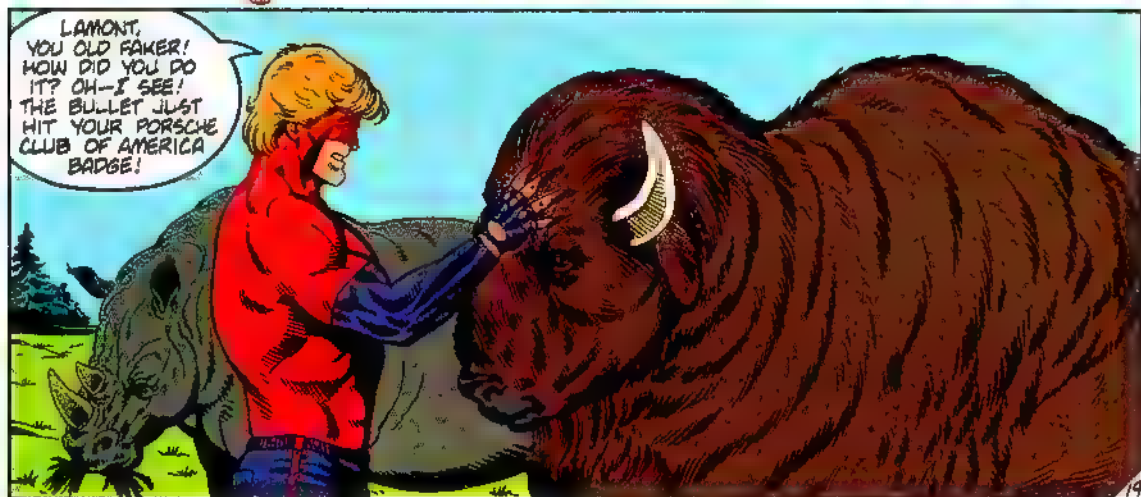
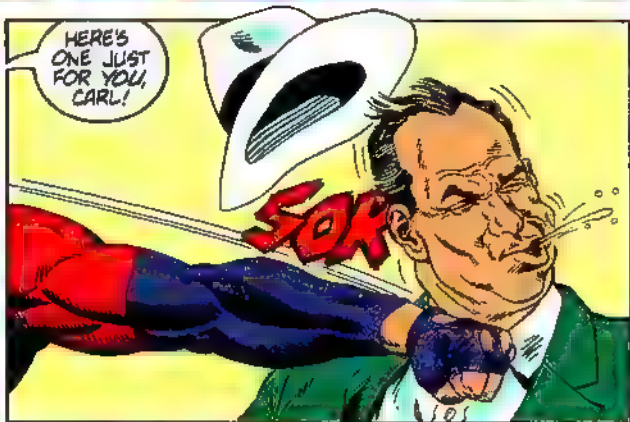
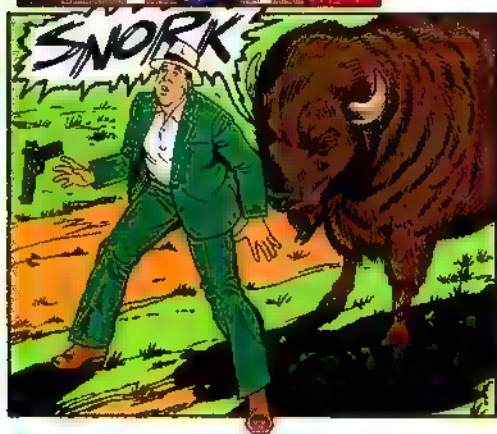
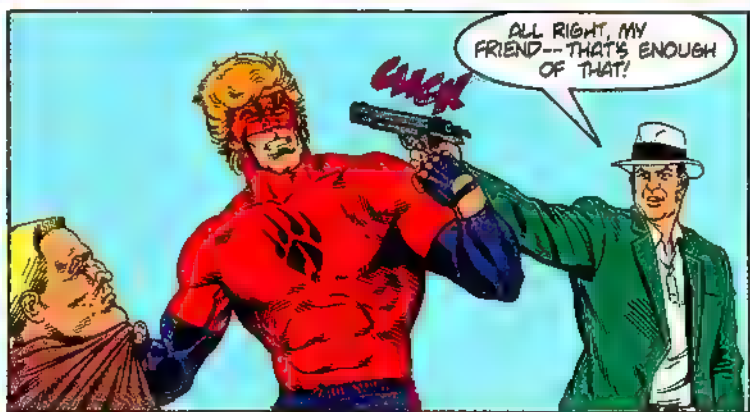
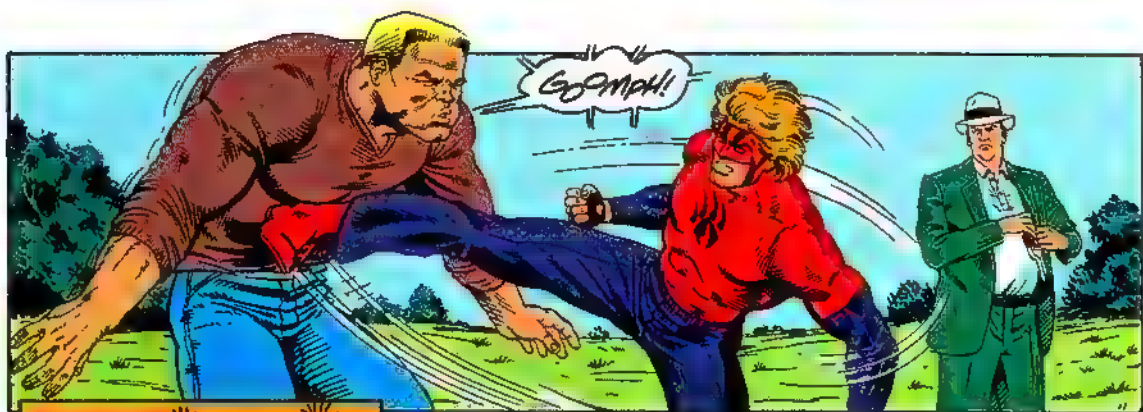
YOU GOT
A TONGUE LIKE #2
SANDPAPER

HOW TOUCHING!
A DERANGED INDIVIDUAL
AND HIS BISON

HAND
OVER THE RHINO,
FRUITCAKE









ZOOMTOWN™

LAST ISH, FORMER ARCH ENEMIES GEAR OF ZOOMTOWN AND TIM OF THE ROAD PHAROAHS WERE EVICTED FROM THEIR RESPECTIVE COMMUNES BY THE WOMEN.

...AND THERE WAS SOME NEW BABE WITH 'EM. SAID HER NAME WAS PRISCILLA

PRISCILLA? THAT'S WHEN ALL MY TROUBLES STARTED! I'M NOT SURE SHE'S NOT BEHIND THE WHOLE THING!

THAT'S WHAT SCARES ME ABOUT THIS WHOLE DEAL--I MEAN, IF THE WOMEN ARE CAPABLE OF THIS THEY COULD OVERTURN THE WHOLE SOCIAL ORDER!

I THINK MAYBE WE'RE DEALING WITH SOME KIND OF BRAIN DISEASE--THE WOMEN HAD BARRACKS NEAR THE ARSENAL...THE RADIATION COULD HAVE AFFECTED THEM...

MAYBE THEY'LL GET REAL SICK AND WE CAN MOVE BACK IN!

BARON	BRASFIELD	THOMAS
WRITER	PENCILLER	INKER
SCHUBERT	FEDUNIEWICZ	OLIVER
LETTERER	COLORIST	OTHER

YOU ALWAYS WERE A MEAN SON OF A BITCH!

IF I'M A SON OF A BITCH, YOU ARE TOO! WE HAD THE SAME MOTHER!

LET'S NOT ARGUE--MY PAL ELLSWORTH HAS A LANDING STRIP OUT HERE SOMEWHERE--WE'LL USE AN AERIAL ASSAULT TO RECAPTURE OUR CAMPS!

I MEAN OUR COMMUNES.

